

LAZARRE

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

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"My name is Eagle," said the little girl.

"The boy said nothing."

"My name is Eagle," she repeated.

"Eagle de Ferrier. What is your name?"

"The boy said nothing."

She looked at him surprised, but checked her displeasure. He was about a year old, while she was less than five.

By the dim light which sifted through the top of St. Bat's Church he did not appear sullen. He sat on the flagstones as if dazed and stupefied, facing a blacksmith's forge, which for many generations had occupied the north transept. A smith and some apprentices hammered measures that echoed with multiplied volume from the Norman roof; and the intense fire made a spot vivid as blood.

A low stone arch, half walled up, and blackened by smoke, framed the top of the smithy, and through this frame could be seen a bit of St. Bat's close outside, upon which the doors stood open. Now an apprentice would seize the bellows handle and blow up flame which briefly sprang and disappeared. The aproned figures, saxon and brawny, made a fascinating show in the dark shop.

Though the boy was dressed like a plain French citizen of that year, 1775, and his knee breeches betrayed shrunken calves, and his sleeves, wrists that were swollen as with tumors, Eagle accepted him as her equal. His fine wavy hair was of a chestnut color, and his hands and feet were small. His features were perfect as her own. But while life played unceasingly in vivid expression across her face, his muscles never moved. The hazel eyes, bluish around their iris rims, took cognizance of nothing. His left eyebrow had been parted by a cut now healed and forming its permanent scar.

"You understand me, don't you?" Eagle talked to him.

"But you could not understand Sally Blake. She is an English girl. We live at her house until our ship sails, and I hope it will sail soon. Poor boy! Did the wicked mob in Paris hurt your arms?"

She soothed and patted his wrists, and as he neither sank in pain nor resented the endearment with male shyness.

Eagle edged closer to him on the stone pavement. She was amused by the blacksmith's arch, and interested in all the unusual life around her, and she leaned forward to find some response in his eyes. He was unconscious of his strange environment. The ancient church of St. Bartholomew the Great, or St. Bat's as it was called, in the heart of London, had long been a hived village.

Not only were houses clustered thickly around its outside walls and the space of ground named its close, but the inside, degraded from its first use, was parcelled out to owners and householders. The nave only had been retained as a church founded by massive pillars, which did not prevent Londoners from using it as a warehouse. Children of resident dissenters could and did hoot when it pleased them, during service, from an overhanging window in the choir. The Lady Chapel was a fringed shop. The smithy in the north transept had descended from father to son. The south transept, walled up to make a respectable dwelling, showed through its open door the ghastly marble tomb of a crusader which the thrifty London housewife had turned into a parlor table. His crossed feet and hands and upward staring countenance protruded from the midst of kick-knacks.

Light fell through the venerable clerestory on upper arcades. Some of these were walled shut, but others retained their arched openings into the church and formed balconies from which upstairs dwellers could look down at what was passing below.

Minute followed minute, and the little bell struck out the four quarters. Then the great bell boomed out ten—the bell which had given signal for lighting the funeral piles of many a martyr, on Smithfield, directly opposite the church. Organ music pealed; choir boys appeared from their robing room beside the entrance, pacing two and two as they chanted. The celebrant stood in his place at the altar, and antiphonal music rolled among the arches; pierced by the danger voice of a woman in the arcades, who called after the retreating butcher's boy to look sharp, and bring her the joint she ordered.

Eagle sprang up and dragged the arm of the unmoving boy in the north transept. There was a weeping tomb in the chancel which she wished to show him—lettered with a threat to shed tears for a beautiful memory if passersby did not contribute their share; a threat the marble dull executed on account of the dampness of the church and the hardness of men's hearts. But it was impossible to disturb a religious service. So she coaxed the boy, dragging behind her, down the ambulatory beside the

oasis of chapel, where the singers, sitting sideways, in rows facing each other, chanted the Venite. A few worshippers from the close, all of them women, patterned in to take part in this daily office. The smithy hammers rang under organ measures, and an odor of cooking sifted down from the arcades.

Outside the church big fat-bellied pigeons were cooing about the tower or strutting and pecking on the ground. To kill one was a grave offense. The worst boy playing in the lane durst not lift a hand against them.

Very different same were Eagle and the other alien whom she led past the red-faced English children.

You may pass up a step into the graveyard, which is separated by a wall from the lane. And though nobody followed, the two men hurried Eagle and the boy into the graveyard and closed the gate.

It was not a large enclosure, and thread-like paths, grassy and ungraveled, wound among crowded graves. There was a very high outside wall; and the place insured such privacy as could not be had in St. Bat's Church. Some crusted stones lay broad as gray doors on ancient graves; but the most stood up in irregular oblongs, white and lichened.

A catcall from the lane was the last shot of the battle. Eagle valiantly

Ernestine went to the shops to obey your orders, father."

The boy's dense inertia was undisturbed by what had so agonized the girl. He stood in the English sunshine gazing stupidly at her guardians.

"Who is this boy, Eagle?" exclaimed the younger man.

"He does not talk. He does not tell his name."

The younger man seized the elder's arm and whispered to him.

"No, Philippe, no!" the elder man answered. But they both approached the boy with a deference which surprised Eagle and examined his scarred eyebrow and his wrists. Suddenly the marquis dropped upon his knees and stripped the

XVII, the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, survives in this wreck. How he escaped from prison we do not know. Why he is here unrecognized in England, where his claim to the throne was duly acknowledged on the death of his father, we do not know. But we who have often seen the royal child cannot fail to identify him; brutalized as he is by the past horrible year of his life."

The boy stood unwinking before his three expatriated subjects. Two of them noted the traits of his house, even to his ears, which were full at top, and without any indentation at the bottom where they met the sweep of the jaw.

The daughter of France had been the most tortured victim of his country's Revolution. By a jailer who cut his eyebrows open with a blow, and knocked him down on the slightest pretext, the child had been forced to drown memory in fiery liquor, month after month. During six worse months, which might have been bettered by even such a jailer, hid from the light in an airless dungeon, covered with rags which were never changed, and with filth and vermin which daily accumulated, having his food passed to him through a slit in the door, hearing no human voice, seeing no human face, his joints aching with poisoned blood, he had died in everything except physical vitality, and was taken out at last merely a breathing corpse.

that the king is here?" inquired the elder De Ferrier, taking the lead.

"What reason have you to believe," responded Belleger, "that the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois have any interest in this boy?"

Philippe laughed and kicked the turf.

"We have seen him many a time at Versailles," my friend. You are very mysterious."

"Have his enemies or his friends set him free?" demanded the old Frenchman.

"That," said Belleger, "I may not tell."

"Does monsieur know that you are going to take him to America?"

"That I may not tell."

"When do you sail, and in what vessel?"

"These matters, also, I may not tell."

"This man is a kidnapper!" the old noble cried, bringing out his sword with a hiss. But Philippe held his arm.

"Among things permitted to you," said Philippe, "perhaps you will take oath the boy is not a Bourbon?"

Belleger shrugged and waved his hands.

"You admit that he is?"

"I admit nothing, monsieur. There are days in which we save our heads as well as we can, and admit nothing."

"If we had never seen the dauphin we should infer that this is no common child you are carrying away so secretly, bound by so many pledges. A man like you, trusted with an important mission, naturally magnifies it. You refuse to let us know anything about this affair?"

"I am simply obeying orders, monsieur," said Belleger humbly. "It is not my affair."



HE CAME GRANDLY UP THE STAIRS. After Andre Castaigne.

"Good day," she spoke pleasantly, feeling their antagonism. They answered her with a titter.

"Sally Blake is the only one I know," she explained in French, to her companion who moved feebly and stiffly behind her dancing step. "I cannot talk English to them, and besides, their manners are not good, for they are not like our peasants."

Sally Blake and a bare-kneed lad began to amble behind the foreigners, he taking his cue smartly and lolling out his tongue. The whole crowd set up a shout, and Eagle looked back. She wheeled and slapped the St. Bat's girl in the face.

That silent being whom she had taken under her care recoiled from the blow which the bare-kneed boy instantly gave him, and without defending himself or her, shrank down in an alt jibe of entreaty. She screamed with pain at this sight, which hurt worse than the hair-pulling of the mob around her. She fought like a panther in front of him.

Two men in the long narrow lane leading from Smithfield interfered and scattered her assailants.

stockings down those meagre legs. He kissed them, and the swollen ankles, sobbing like a woman. The boy seemed unconscious of this homage. Such exaggeration of her own tenderness made her ask:

"What ails my father, Cousin Philippe?"

Her cousin Philippe glanced around the high walls and spoke cautiously.

"Who was the English girl at the head of your mob, Eagle?"

"Sally Blake."

"What would Sally Blake do if she saw the little King of France and Navarre ride into the church lane, filling it with his retinue, and heard the royal salute of 21 guns fired for him?"

"She would be afraid of him."

"But when he comes afoot, with that idiotic face, giving her such a good chance to bait him—how can she resist baiting him? Sally Blake is human."

"Cousin Philippe, this is not our dauphin? Our dauphin is dead! Both my father and you told me he died in the Temple prison nearly two weeks ago!"

The Marquis de Ferrier replaced the boy's stockings reverently and rose, backing away from him.

"There is your King, Eagle," the old courtier announced to his child. "Louis

"Why, it's Belleger! Look at him!"

Belleger took off his cap and made a deep reverence.

"My uncle is weeping over the dead English, Belleger," said Philippe. "It always moves him to tears to see how few of them die."

"We can make no such complaint against Frenchmen in these days, monsieur," the court painter answered. "I see you have my young charge here, enjoying the gravestones with you—a pleasing change after the unmarked trenches of France. With your permission I will take him away."

"Have I the honor, Monsieur Belleger, of saluting the man who brought the king out of prison?" the old man inquired.

Again Belleger made the marquis a deep reverence, which modestly disclaimed any exploit.

"When was this done? Where were your helpers? Where are you taking him?"

Belleger lifted his eyebrows at the fanatical royalist.

"I wish I had had a hand in it!" spoke Philippe de Ferrier.

"I am taking this boy to America, monsieur, the marquis," the painter quietly answered.

"But why not to one of his royal uncles?"

"His royal uncles," repeated Belleger. "Pardon, monsieur the marquis, but did I say he had any royal uncles?"

"Come!" spoke Philippe de Ferrier. "No jokes with us, Belleger. Honest men of every degree should stand together in these times."

Eagle sat down on a flat gravestone, and looked at the boy who seemed to be an object of dispute between the men of her family and the other man. He neither saw nor heard what passed. She said to herself—

"It would make no difference to me! It is the same, whether he is the king or not."

Belleger's eyes half closed their lids as if for protection from the sun.

"Monsieur de Ferrier may rest assured that I am not at present occupied with jokes. I will again ask permission to take my charge away."

"You may not go until you have answered some questions."

"That I will do as far as I am permitted."

"Do monsieur and his brother know

He took the boy by the hand and made his adieu. The old De Ferrier deeply saluted the boy and slightly saluted his guardian. The other De Ferrier nodded.

"We are making a mistake, Philippe!" said the uncle.

"Let him go," said the nephew. "He will probably slip away at once out of St. Bartholomew's. We can do nothing until we are certain of the powers behind him. Endless disaster to the child himself might result from our interference. If France were ready now to take back her King, would she accept an imbecile?"

The old De Ferrier groaned aloud.

"Belleger is not a bad man," added Philippe.

Eagle watched her playmate until the closing gate hid him from sight. She remembered having once implored her nurse for a small plaster image displayed in a shop. It could not speak, nor move, nor love her in return. But she cried secretly all night to have it in her arms, ashamed of the unreasonable desire, but conscious that she could not be appeased by anything else. That plaster image denied to her symbolized the strongest passion of her life.

The pigeons wheeled around St. Bat's tower, or strived burlesqued on the wall. The bell, which she had forgotten since sitting with the boy in front of the blacksmith shop, again boomed out its record of time; though it seemed to Eagle that a long, lonesome period like eternity had begun.

I REMEMBER posing aaked upon a rock, ready to dive into Lake George. This memory stands at the end of a diminishing vista; the extreme point of coherent recollection. My body and muscular limbs reflected in the water filled me with savage pride.

I knew, as the beast knows its herd, that my mother Marianne was hanging the pot over the fire pit in the centre of our lodge; the children were playing with other papooses; and my father was hunting down the lake. The hunting and fishing were good, and we had plenty of meat. Skenedok, whom I considered a person belonging to myself, was stripping more slowly on the rock behind me. We were heated with wood ranging. Aboriginal life, primeval and vigor-giving, lay behind me when I plunged, expecting to strike out under the delicious forest shadow.

When I came up the sun had vanished, the woods and their shadow were gone. So were the Indian children playing on the shore, and the shore with them. My mother Marianne might still be hanging her pot in the lodge. But all the hunting lodges of our people were as completely lost as if I had entered another world.

My head was bandaged, as I discovered when I turned it to look around. The walls were not the log walls of our lodge, chinked with moss and topped by a bark roof. On the contrary, they were grander than the inside of St. Regis Church, where I took my first communion, though that was built of stone. These walls were paneled, as I learned afterward to call that noble finishing, and ornamented with pictures and crystal sockets for candles. The use of the crystal sockets was evident, for one shined wax light burned near me. The ceiling was not composed of wooden beams like some Canadian houses, but divided itself into panels also, reflecting the light with a dark, rosy shining. Lace work finer than a priest's white garments fluttered at the windows.

CONTINUED IN MONDAY'S EVENING LEDGER

GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD

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SHRIMP LANDS ON A SOFT SPOT

